

Graduating Steps

Macseal

They reserve a special kind of defeat
For when your new home spits you back to old
They expect a swift and solemn retreat
Back to the hole that you first crawled out of

You're on a bridge
While they're drawing it
You're calling out
And they're ignoring it

And the lines aren't perfectly drawn
But your heart's been dragging along
And I know it hurts extra hard
Sitting on the steps you graduated from

They leave you no clue for what to say or what to do
When that red house leaves you blue and cold
You pulled the roots out, realized none of them grew
Deep enough to ground you through the snow

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